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Rockledge, August 11, 1866.

My darling Fanny:

Already, three letters have been received from you — the last addressed to William — giving interesting details of what you have seen and explored since you bade your native land "good night," especially in the great, attractive, magnificent city of Paris. I must try to send you at least a brief epistle by to-morrow's New York steamer; though, as your mother has doubtless given you, in hers, all those domestic particulars about which you will naturally be the most desirous to hear, I have nothing special to communicate.

August 12th
Thus far, everything appears to have gone well and pleasantly with you; and having so loving, attentive, and intelligently posted a husband, you have been enabled to compress a vast deal of sight-seeing into a comparatively short space of time. May the same good fortune continue to attend you both, wherever you travel or sojourn! Especially may your health be preserved, and all perils by land and water happily escaped. A little caution about diet, exposure, over-fatigue, may save you a great deal of suffering. You are in another climate, which, though not the opposite of ours, will justify, for a time at least, a thoughtful consideration as to what you may safely attempt. You have always been so remarkably well, that I shall ~~always~~ be specially uneasy to hear of your illness at any time. Remember, "a sound heart is the life of the flesh."

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You will see that I have blundered in taking the fourth for my second page.

The Atlantic cable now puts us in daily communication with England; so that, if it continues to work, all European news by ocean steamers will henceforth be superseded. It is one of the greatest achievements of the human brain and hand, and cannot but have an important bearing upon the destiny of mankind. It is very comforting to reflect that by it, in the course of a few hours, should any serious emergency arise requiring swift despatch, we can be put in communication with each other.

We are glad that the short but terrible conflict between Prussia and Austria is ended, and peace restored; especially as it seemed to be purely dynastic, and not on either side with any reference to an enlargement of the rights of the people. There will be no difficulty, now, I presume, ~~of~~ⁱⁿ your going directly to Munich, whenever you choose. I hope, when you are there, you will find that no evil has befallen any of Harry's relatives; and also that ^{they will be satisfied that} making your acquaintance, ~~that~~ he has not unwisely chosen his partner for life. Be particularly attentive to his father, whom it would give me great pleasure to know personally.

I have just been reading some particulars about Munich in "Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East," which Harry was so glad to procure for you, but which was unfortunately left behind in the hurry of getting away.

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I had no idea that the city was so populous or so fine as described in the book; and feel sure, therefore, that you will find it a delightful place of residence.

In the mean time, I am glad you are to have a taste of the beauty and grandeur of Switzerland, and a near view of the Alps—

"The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled themselves in snowy scuffs,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity!"

As to our national affairs, under the lead of President Johnson we seem to be hastening to another bloody catastrophe—as the awful massacre of Union men and negroes at New Orleans fearfully prognosticates. The rebels and copperheads now feel sure of success, and nothing can prevent it but the greatest unity of spirit and purpose on the part of the loyal population in meeting approaching political issues. The guiltiest man in the nation is Andrew Johnson, and his garments are dripping with human blood.

Your mother and George and myself now constitute the family circle—Franky being in Vermont, and William and Ellie in Auburn, with the darling babe, which continues to thrive hopefully. F. will return home next week—William in the course of a fortnight—Ellie probably not till October.

Your meeting Mr. Smalley in Paris was a pleasant coincident. He will hardly remain as long as he expected, now that the war is ended. Will you and Harry? Give him a kiss on each cheek ~~for me~~ with my blessing. An revoir! Your loving Father

Hoping that recreation and change of scene might make me forget, if not remove, the sharp and stinging pains I have so long suffered in my right arm and shoulder, in consequence of my headlong falls in the winter and spring, I have spent a fortnight in the charmingly romantic Stewellyn Park at Orange, N. J., in company with Wendell and Lucy, and Mr. and Mrs. McKim; but, though alive to all that is beautiful in that region, and though every thing was done to make my visit one of unalloyed enjoyment, both by the household and a troop of outside friends, my nights were full of misery, and my days scarcely less so; and I have returned home, satisfied that it will be indefinitely the best place for me. Do, ~~more~~ ^{what} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~my~~ ^{at} ~~will,~~ ^{will,} — ~~rather~~ ^{rather} ~~physicians~~ ^{physicians} in the body ^{or} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~spirits~~ ^{spirits} out of it, — it is all alike in vain. It is a great effort for me to write even these few lines to you; and last night was almost as painful as any that has preceded it. I am now satisfied that I am suffering quite as much from neuralgia as from my sprains.

While I was absent, I went some thirty miles up the North River, in company with Theodore Tilton and his wife, to a pretty village called Nyack, where we were hospitably entertained for the night by an acquaintance of Theodore, who drove us the next day to Irvington, in order that we might see the residence and grounds of the late Washington Irving. It is a charming retreat, such as any student and lover of nature might covet; yet not comparable to an adjoining estate owned by Moses H. Grinnell, of New York. The latter is truly "baronial."